

Just an Ordinary Day

Dylan [text]: What r u doin'?

Emma-Christine [text]: Sitting in the longest meeting in FBI history

Emma-Christine [text]: What are you doin'?

Dylan [text]: Just watching the game. Redskins r gettin their asses kicked

Emma-Christine [text]: I could've gone w/out knowing that :-(
But it's still only pre-season. Are your feet on the table?

Dylan quickly pulled his socked feet off the coffee table and tucked them under him, pretzel-style on the sofa.

Dylan [text]: No.

Emma-Christine [text]: Yeah, right

She kept her personal iPhone hidden in her lap under the table, her attention perking up as the budget officer moved from droning about "allocated funds to blah, blah department" that had nothing to do with hers, to droning about "this coming year's allocated cyber crimes budget will be seeing changes in..." and so on. Agent Emma Spooler headed cyber crimes at the Portland FBI field office. She took a bunch of notes on what was to come and was going to change for her department, doing her best to ignore the few buzzes going off between her thighs. When she was speaking in front of a group of other agents, she ousted those whom she caught on their phones. Here, it was more "do as I say, not as I do." as her M.O. Besides, she could see where this was going. Suddenly she was growing warmer inside her silky-fabric-lined blazer.

Dylan [text]: I promise I'll be good ;)

Emma-Christine [text]: Are you fucking lying to me?! You know what the punishment is for that.

Dylan [text]: :-D :-D <3

Emma-Christine [text]: You're only making this worse for yourself.

A minute or so dragged by, then the grey message-loading balloon appeared on her screen. Then a selfie of her misbehaving oldest nephew appeared. Shirtless and reclined on the sofa, giving her a clear view of his muscular chest, fit waist, and lean hips. The button of his jeans was undone. He'd gotten even more swole since they'd stopped lying to themselves about the true nature of their feelings for each other. He'd gotten a gym membership in Portland, a short drive from her house. Since he was there so often anyway. His bigger pecs and shoulders were the most evident, and she couldn't keep her hands - and mouth - off them.

Emma gave a shuddering breath, keeping it as quiet as possible. She moved her phone closer to the juncture of her thighs and quickly typed:

Emma-Christine [text]: More.

Dylan[text]: really, now?

Emma-Christine: [text]: Quit fucking around and take those pants off. NOW!!!

Dylan [text]: yes ma'mm

Another image came through of him nude from chest to thighs, his lovely thick cock almost fully hard.

Emma-Christine [text]: That's much better.

She made sure her phone was on vibrate.

Emma-Christine [text]: Call me. Let it go to vm, then keep calling me.

She slid her phone between her thighs, crossed her legs, and moved her coat from the back of her chair onto her lap, muffling the vibrations. All this while maintaining a look of serious interest in what the next supervisory agent was droning about.

Pleasure shot through her core when he started the vibrations. Wetness was soaking through her thin panties, into her black slacks. He only called her twice before the meeting was finally concluded. *Thank god!*

Emma slammed her laptop shut and grabbed it from its spot on the boardroom table, along with the half dozen file folders she had. She rushed into her office and dropped them onto her desk, then went to the ladies room and locked herself in the furthest stall. No one else was there anyway. Agent Emma pulled apart her blazer, unbuttoned her white blouse, and slipped her hand beneath the waistband of her slacks, rubbing the silky panties that covered her swollen aching sex. She held her phone up and snapped a good picture of her body to send to him.

Dylan[text]: Got you hot and bothered, hmm?

Emma-Christine[text]: You fucking little shit!!! You're going to pay for this!! I'm going to roast your ass when I get home!!

Dylan{text]: :-D :-D :=====D You promise??

Emma-Christine [text] I want your ass naked and on all fours on that couch when I walk through that door!!

This was what they both needed and craved. He was bad on purpose, so she'd scream at, degrade, and punish him in all sorts of delicious ways. It lead to such sweet release for both.

An hour later, Emma banged through the front door of her riverfront house in Portland, seeing him laying nude on the couch with only a throw over him. "Get the fuck on all fours!!" she snarled, dropping her leather handbag and throwing her coat onto the coat rack. "I'll be right back!"

She stormed upstairs to their mostly-shared bedroom and went straight to her walk-in closet. Emma quickly shucked off her suit and threw on a black transparent negligee and a pair of her black leather over-the-knee boots. Then she grabbed a big square black leather spanking paddle covered with silver studs before stomping back downstairs. Her sweet obedient boy was on his knees and elbows on the couch, his beautiful firm body quivering in anticipation.

"Lift your ass more!" she barked.

"Y-Yes, ma'mm" he stammered as he lifted his ass higher for her, spreading his thighs for her viewing pleasure. He was so hard it nearly hurt.

Emma slammed the paddle on his right ass cheek, "You think it's cute to tease me when I'm at work?!"

"I was bad, ma'mm. Very bad. I need to be punished."

She leaned down and licked his earlobe before giving it a soft bite, "Fuck yes, you will be."

Emma raised the paddle and smacked him hard on each ass cheek, eight times each. He was close to release, she could tell. She threw the paddle aside and ordered, "Turn over," her breath heavy. She rose over him as Dylan rolled onto his back, his member sticking up and throbbing. Her soft hands lifted up the hem of her barely-there negligee, then she slid down on him to the hilt.

"Ohh god!!" Dylan gasped as she began to ride him, slow at first. Her vaginal muscles squeezed him with an insistent rhythm. He gripped her hips and rode with

her faster until his aunt/lover let out a scream of pleasure that was the most beautiful sound he'd ever heard. He was seconds behind her, crying out as he spilled deep inside her. No worries. She was on birth control. But that was beside the point. Emma-Christine collapsed on top of him.

"Fuuck. goodd. So good." she panted. Once their breathing slowed, she reluctantly slid off him and took her usual place on the couch. Dylan sat up and took the fleece throw without being asked, draped it over both of them. His phone was on the coffee table, and Emma Spolee grabbed it. She tapped GrubHub and handed it to him. "I'm starving, as usual after sex." She winked and kissed his cheek as she snuggled against him, "What should we order tonight?"